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THE  
Lovers GARLAND

Beautified with Three excellent

NEW SONGS. <sup>34</sup>

- I. *Cupia's* Cruelty ; or, The Fortunate Blue-coat Boy.
- II. The contented Lover ; or, A pleasant Courtship with a Shepherd and a Nymph.
- III. *Tom* and *Will* ; or, The Shepherds Sheepfold.



Licensed and enterid according to Order



# The Lovers GARLAND, &c.

Cupid's Cruelty; Or, The Fortune Blue-coat Boy  
Tune of, *When I gaz'd on my Chloe trembling.*

**G**ALLANTS, listen to my Ditty,  
And the Truth I will relate,  
How a Blue-coat Boy so pretty,  
Was advanc'd to a great Estate;  
For a Lady of great Fortune,  
Chanc'd on him to cast an Eye;  
Cupid has caus'd her to importune  
For no other she could espy.

That appeared half so charming,  
As this pretty Youth so sweet:  
In Love's Raptures she was aiming,  
To lay her Treasure at his Feet,  
If kind Fate would let her gain him,  
In whom she plac'd her chiefest Joy;  
Love grant, quoth she, I may obtain him;  
This tender lovely Blue-coat Boy.

Methinks young Tommy doth delight me,  
He is an Angel in mine Eye,  
He doth appear so bright and sprightly,  
I must obtain him or must die;  
In a happy joyful Marriage  
In him alone I place my Joy;  
For charming Air and graceful Carriage  
Sure none excells my Blue-coat Boy.

Why should I thus sigh and languish,  
Am not I a Lady gay?

Cupid kind come ease my Anguish,

And instruct me what to say.

Strig

Straight I'll write to my sweet Jewel,  
 My dear tempting Blue-coat Boy,  
 Perhaps I may not find him cruel,  
 My dear tempting Blue-coat Boy.

Then with Fingers long and slender,  
 With her Pen she did indite,  
 These Lines, and said, surrender,  
 A Fortune, who in Gold so bright,  
 Hath six hundred Pounds a Year,  
 Which you right freely may enjoy;  
 Wonder not my dearest Dear,  
 A Fortune loves a Blue-coat Boy.

I am young and fraught with Riches,  
 Nay, some doth say I'm handsome  
 My Heart agreeth with my speeches,  
 Cupid causeth me to woo:  
 Gentle Youth, do not disdain me,  
 For in you is all my Joy,  
 Tho' perhaps some Persons blame me;  
 Yet must I love a Blue-coat Boy.

Dearest answer this my Letter,  
 Tell me, can'st thou fancy to love  
 A Lady, who esteems thee better;  
 And prize thee far above,  
 All the Wealth within the Nation,  
 Thou art my only earthly Joy,  
 I'll make the happy in great Station,  
 My pretty lovely Blue-coat Boy.

When young Tom the same perus'd,  
 His youthful Thoughts where in a Maze,  
 His Heart and Senses were confus'd,  
 Soon his youthful Spirits rais'd,  
 And return'd a modest Letter,  
 And let the Lady understand,  
 He was link'd to her in Cupid's Fetters,  
 And wholly was at her Command.

Many

Many Letters pass'd betwixt them,  
 Many Times they Meetings had ;  
 Love their Hearts had intermixt then,  
 She rejoic'd and he was glad :  
 Then in private they were married,  
 To both their great Content and Joy ;  
 A vast Estate to him she carried,  
 Thus Fortune rais'd the pretty Boy.

From his Cloaths of Blue she strip'd him,  
 And deck'd him in most rich Array ;  
 Like to a Lord she soon equip'd him,  
 And from the House took him away :  
 He appears a charming Creature,  
 His fair Lady's only Joy,  
 With Shape and comely Feature,  
 This youthful handsome Blue-coat Boy.

*The Constant Lovers, &c.*      To a new Tune.

**T**HE Shepherd *Aonis* being weary with Sport,  
 Return'd to the Woods, where he us'd to resort ;  
 He let fall his Crook, and I himself down,  
 He envy'd no Monarch, nor wish'd for no Crown.

He drank the cold Brooks, eat the Fruits of the Tree,  
 Enjoying himself, from all Cares he was free ;  
 He valu'd no Nymph, was the never so fair,  
 No Pride, no Ambition, and therefore no Care.

But as it fell out in an Evening so clear,  
 A charming sweet Voice he chanc'd for to hear ;  
 He stood like a Stone, not one Foot could he move,  
 He knew not what ail'd him, but he fear'd it was Love.

The Nymph she beheld him with a modest Grace,  
 Seeing something appear, she disguised her Face ;  
 She disguised her Face, and unto him did say,  
 How now, Mr. Shepherd, how came you this Way ?

The

The Shepherd replied, and to her he said,  
 ne'er was surprized at the Sight of a Maid;  
 Before I beheld thee, from all Care was I free,  
 But now I am Captive, my Dearest, to thee.

O Shepherd, O Shepherd, leave not your free State,  
 For Love will intangle you in Sorrow that's great,  
 And distract quite your Brain that you ne'er will have  
 Rest,

Then incline not to Love, for as yet you are blest.

Fair Nymph of the Wood, and thou Charmer of Man.  
 Thy Beauty's so great, I cannot it withstand;  
 Then pity my Case, and yield me some Joy,  
 O pity, O pity a wounded young Boy.

The Nymph she reply'd with a languishing Look,  
 Saying, Shepherd, alas! my Way I mistook;  
 Or you never had seen me, no, I know who you were,  
 For now I do pity you, I do declare.

Then sit thee down by me, O thou beauteous Nymph,  
 And let me enjoy thy sweet Person, or Glimpse  
 Of thy Beauty celestial, so charming, so fair,  
 Thy Beauty indeed is beyond all Compare,

O don't prove my Downfall! why will you, O why?  
 Will you let your poor Shepherd thus languishing die;  
 If you grant me not Love, all the World can't me save,  
 Tho' I once did slight, yet twill bring me to the Grave.

With that poor *Adonis* let fall some few Tears,  
 His Face look'd pale which discover'd his fears:  
 The Nymph looked Red, and blushing did cry,  
 O no sweet *Adonis*, for me thou shalt die.

Then take now your Shepherdess, I'll be no more coy,  
 In Love let us live and each other enjoy;  
 In the Groves that so pleasant under Trees that's so high  
 In love let us live and in Love let us die.

This



This Answer reviv'd poor *Adonis's* Heart,  
His Troubles were fled, and he felt no more Smart;  
The Nymph she receiv'd with Looks that were kind,  
And from her fair Shepherd the Comfort did find.

Then softly he took her and did lay her down,  
The Sky was their Feastor, their Bed was the Ground;  
He fold'd her often in his lovely Arms,  
Her Face and her Features discover'd rare Charms.

As charming *Venus* was when she was took,  
Along with brave *Mars*, when the Gods at him look'd;  
Yet this Nymph and young Shepherd, more beautiful far,  
Like the Light of the Sun Beams so charming they were.

Thus in great Enjoyment, from Care and all Strife,  
This loving Couple leads a charming sweet Life;  
No Wars, nor no Battles, no Rumpers they see,  
In Peace and great Comfort, and in Pleasure they be.

Among the sweet Groves thus pleasant they live,  
Nothing they want, but what Heaven doth them give:  
It is there, it is there, O! It is there that they keep,  
Their quiet contented poor harmless Sheep.

All the Day near to Mountains and Rivers they rove,  
At Night they return to their peaceable Groves;  
And thus in the Day, as well as the Night,  
They live in great Pleasure, in Joy and Delight.

One sings with her Voice, the other plays with his Flute,  
While one is employ'd the other stands mute;  
They look at each other, so charming, so sweet,  
Sometimes interposing their Lips they do meet.

Thus charming, thus lovely, they lead a sweet Life,  
So free from all Care, and so safe from all Strife:  
If therefore all of you Contentment would find,  
Like this happy Couple, be loving and kind.

Tom and Will; Or, The Shepherds Sheepfold:

**T**OM and Will were Shepherds Swains,  
Who lov'd and liv'd together;  
When fair *Pastora* grac'd the Plains,  
Alack, why came we thither?

For though they fed twa several Flocks,  
They had quite one Desire;  
*Pastora's* Eyes and amorous Looks,  
Set both their Hearts on Fire.

*Tom* came of honest gentle Race,  
By Father and by Mother;  
*Will* was noble, but alas,  
He was the younger Brother.

*Tom* was toilsome, *Will* was sad,  
No Huntsman, nor no Fowler;  
*Tom* was held the proper Lad,  
But *Will* the better Bowler.

The scorching Flames their Heart did bear,  
Then they could no longer smother,  
Although they knew they Rivals were,  
They still lov'd one another.

*Tom* would drink her Health, and swear,  
This Nation will not want her,  
*Will* could not take her by the Ear,  
And with his Voice enchant her.

*Tom* keeps always in her Sight,  
And ne'er forgot his Duty:  
*Will* was witty, and could write  
Some Sonnets on her Beauty.

Thus did she handle *Tom* and *Will*,  
Who both did dote upon her;  
For graciously she us'd them still,  
And she preserved her Honour.

Yet she was as sweet a She,  
And of so sweet Behaviour,

That

That *Tom* thought he, and *Will* thought he  
Was chiefly in her Favour.

*Pastora* was a lovely Lass,  
And of a lovely Feature,  
Divinely good and fair she was,  
And kind to every Creature.

Of Favour she was provident,  
And yet not over-sparing;  
She gave no less Encouragement,  
Yet kept them from despairing.

Which of these Two she loved best,  
Or whether she lov'd either;  
'Tis thought they'll find it to their Cost,  
That indeed she lov'd neither.

She dealt her Favour equally,  
They both were well contented;  
She kept them both from Jealousy,  
Not easily prevented.

Tale-telling Fame hath made Report  
O fair *Pastora's* Beauty;  
*Pastora's* sent for to the Court,  
There for to perform her Duty.

Unto the Court *Pastora's* gone;  
It had been no Court without her;  
Our Queen 'mongst all her Train had none,  
Not half so fair about her.

*Tom* hung his Dog, and threw away,  
His Sheep Crook and his Wallet;  
*Will* burst his Pipes, and curst the Day  
That e'er he made a Sonat.

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Their Nine-pins and there Bowls that wer<sup>e</sup>  
Their Joys are turn'd to Fears;  
'Tis Time for me an End to make,  
Let them go shake their Ears.

F I N I S.